That they doe hold their course towards *Tewxburie*.
Thither will we, for willingnes rids waie,
And in euerie countie as we passe along,
Our strengthes shall be augmented.
Come lets goe, for if we slacke this faire
Bright Summers daie, sharpe winters
Showers will marre our hope for haie. Ex. *Omnes*.

Enter the *Queene*, *Prince Edward*, *Oxford* and *Summerset*, with drum and souldiers.

*Quee.* Welcome to *England*, my louing friends of *Fraū*
And welcome *Summerset*, and *Oxford* too.
Once more haue we spread our sailes abroad,
And though our tackling be almost consumde,
And *Warwike* as our maine mast ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie post,
That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto rest,
And *Ned* and *I* as willing Pilots should
For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe
That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.
*Prince.* And if there be, as God forbid there should,
Amongst vs a timorous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the battels ioine,
Least he in time of need intise another,
And so withdraw the souldiers harts from vs.
*I* will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my sword presse in the thickest thronges,
And single *Edward* from his strongest guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,
Or leaue my bodie as witnesse of my thoughts.
*Oxf.* Women and children of so high resolue,





And Warriors faint, why twere perpetuall
Shame? Oh braue yong Prince, thy
Noble grandfather doth liue againe in thee,
Long maiest thou liue to beare his image,
And to renew his glories.
*Sum.* And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by daie
Be hist, and wondered at if he arise.

Enter a Messenger.

*Mes.* My Lords, Duke *Edward* with a mighty power,
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.
*Oxf.* I thought it was his pollicie, to take vs vnprouided,
But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

Enter king *Edward*, *Cla.* *Glo.* *Hast.* and Souldiers.

*Edw.* See brothers, yonder stands the thornie wood,
Which by Gods assistance and your prowesse,
Shall with our swords yer night be cleane cut downe.
*Queen.* Lords, Knights & gentlemen, what *I* should say,
My teares gainesaie, for as you see, *I* drinke
The water of mine eies. Then no more
But this. *Henry* your king is prisoner
In the tower, his land and all our friends
Are quite distrest, and yonder standes
The Wolfe that makes all this,
Then on Gods name Lords togither cry saint *George*.
*All.* Saint *George* for *Lancaster*.

Alarmes to the battell, *Yorke* flies, then the chambers be discharged. Then enter the king, *Cla* & *Glo.* & the rest, & make a great shout, and crie, for *Yorke*, for *Yorke*, and then the *Queene* is taken, & the prince, & *Oxf.* & *Sum.* and then sound and enter all againe.